

Vol 7 May 1905

# CRESCENT



## Where are you going?

I AM GOING DOWN TO

*Wilson's  
Confectionery Store.*

## What for?

To get a box of bon bons for my best girl.  
She says they are the finest in town. Try  
them and be convinced.

WE ALSO SERVE FRESH OYSTERS  
ON SHORT NOTICE.

A specialty made of getting up oyster suppers.  
Bulk oysters for sale over the counter.

Yours for pleasure,

C. B. WILSON.

# THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1905.

NO. 7.

## Nature's Charms.

The love of nature is something that may be developed in every heart and it is a love that rarely fails to purify and exalt. To many she is a cold, indifferent beauty. They see, but do not know and appreciate her, and she passes on her way as if they were nothing to her. But when wooed patiently and lovingly, she stops to smile, caress and entertain with exhaustless diversion. Thus says E. P. Roe and thus it is.

In animals, birds, insects and vegetation we are surrounded by diversified life, and our life grows richer and more complete as we enter into their life and comprehend it.

How many of us really know the birds that we see around us every day? We may not be able to give the scientific name of all of them or tell in what way the anatomy of one bird differs from another but we can learn to know them in a better way by keeping our eyes and ears open. Dr. Henry Van Dyke expresses the thought beautifully in the following lines:

It's little I can tell  
About the birds in books;  
And yet I know them well  
By their music and their looks;  
When May comes down the lane,  
Her airy lovers throng  
To welcome her with song,  
And follow in her train;  
Each minstrel weaves his part  
In that wild flowery strain  
And I know them all again  
By their echo in my heart.



The habit of closed ears and heart to this ministry of song is characteristic of most people. The true bird lover will hear the different songs without any conscious effort on his part, even while reading a book or talking with a friend. Thus, of two people, one will hear a dozen different songs while the other will not know there is a bird around. With a knowledge of the song, shape, color and habits of these flitting faries, will come an added interest and a desire to know more about them.

"Of all the animals none are more easily studied. Including within their number every variety of costume and shape; present everywhere and at all times; making us their confidants by coming to our door steps, or awaiting us with newer and newer surprises if we go to the remote woods, the pathless ocean or snowy mountain; marshalling their ranks over our heads, coming and going with the seasons, surely here is something for the poet and artist to think about as well as the naturalist."

Almost every family of birds has its peculiarities of manner. Hawks and buzzards glide around in circles with wings expanded and motionless; crows and jays lumber along as though it were hard work; and herons are still more clumsy, having their long necks and longer legs to encumber them. The woodpecker's progress is by a series of long undulations. The gold finches fly the same way, but most of the finches, with the sparrow, have a short jerky motion accompanied by many bobbings and flirtings. Warblers and fly catchers fly high up smoothly and swiftly. On the ground most small birds, like the sparrows, are hoppers while a few truly and gracefully walk.

June is the harvest month for the ornithologist. Then the birds are showing off all their good points, building nests, and being very happy, are in full song. Morning and evening there is such a chorus as makes the jubilant air fairly quiver with melody, while all day you catch the yeap

of pigmies in the tree tops, the chattering and twittering of garrulous sparrows and swallows. The bird whose song you think pre-eminent to-day will be excelled to-morrow, and you will refuse to distinguish between them for the love and admiration you bear them all.

Well do I remember the bird chorus that it was my good fortune to hear one summer morning in the heart of the Coast Range mountains.

The day before, my brother, a friend and myself had packed back some miles from the road and spent the night on the side of a big mountain in the hopes of killing a deer in the early morning. With a rock for a pillow, another one about midway down my back and another at my feet, my bed was not the most conducive to sleep and most of the night was spent in contemplation of the starry heavens. Between three and four, just as the first faint rays of light were beginning to creep modestly over the forest the birds began to wake and sing. By the time dawn had fairly come the grandest concert I have ever heard was in full blast. What an orchestra they did make! Everything that could chirp, or warble, or pipe, or whistle, or trill, or trumpet, or screech, or scream was doing its best. They were all going at once, every feathered musician seeming to be bent on making as much noise as possible, yet the great diversity of sounds blended into a sonata such as Beethoven never dreamed of, not even in the moonlight!

An impulse often irresistible it seems leads men away from civilization, from its artificial pleasures and mechanical life to the forest, the fields and the waters, where he may have that freedom and peace which civilization denies him. The man of affairs and the man of leisure feels again the joy of youth as he bids farewell to his office or his club and seeks the solitude of the woods and the plain. He will undergo all sorts of bodily discomforts, coarse food and rough bed,



the wet and cold, and yet be happy, because for a little spell he is free.

There is a delicious sense of solitude, undefinable, that comes from associating with nature unadulterated. The poet Byron truthfully says: "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."

I think sometimes we do not appreciate the beauty of the sights around us. We think that for grand and beautiful scenery we must go to the Alps or the Andes. But I doubt if any of the Alpine scenery will much surpass the view from the top of the hill north of town, or better, from the Red Hills west of town. If it should be your good fortune, as it was mine, to be on the hill top some time when the valley is filled with fog you will be rewarded with a sight long to be remembered. A sea of fog is the only way to describe it. From our position as we faced the east the whole Willamette valley, extending from the Columbia southward for a hundred miles was filled with fog. The whole mass was in motion and looked strikingly like the rolling of the sea.

From where we were it was only a few yards to the fog line. Everything below was hid from view by this billowy covering. As we feasted our eyes on the picture it was almost a temptation to run and jump out into this bed of fog and see if it would not carry us along on its snowy waves. Soon the sun came out and the fog began to vanish. Here and there could be seen little islands in the sea which gradually grew larger and larger until the fog finally all disappeared under the magic rays of old Sol.

The scene now spread before our vision was even grander than the one before. Looking down from our elevation, farm houses, churches and towns all stood out in bold relief and by the aid of a good glass could be clearly discerned twenty-five or thirty miles away. The farming

section looked something like an irregular checker board with squares of black and green. Down through the center of the valley, winds leisurely the river from which the whole section draws its name.

Sam L. Simpson, Oregon's own poet, sings thus of the Willamette:

Grace forever haunts thy journey  
Beauty dimples on thy tide;  
Time that mars us,  
Maims and scars us,  
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Skirting the horizon from away north to away south is the far famed Cascade Range whose course is studded with great mountains, clad in eternal snow. Beginning with beautiful St. Helens on the north, following the line southward, the eye rests on Adams, gray old Mt. Hood, Jefferson and then the Three Sisters—not quite so lofty as their brothers but more graceful, as becomes their sex. There used to be another one in the exalted family. Today it is known as Crater Lake, which is known as one of nature's marvels.

Gazing on such a world of beauty, mere words seem inadequate to express your feeling, and you stand rapt and still in such august presence, awed by a sense of your own insignificance. You ask the question as did the Psalmist of old: "What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visiteth him?"

In the beautiful story, "The Gentle Life," Henry Van Dyke makes one of his characters say, "He that feels not the beauty and blessedness and peace of the woods and meadows that God hath bedecked with flowers for him even while he is yet a sinner, how shall he learn to enjoy the unfading bloom of the celestial country if he ever becomes a saint.?"

"No, no, sir, he that departeth out of this world without

perceiving that it is fair and full of innocent sweetness, hath done little honor to the every day miracles of divine beneficence, and though by mercy he may obtain an entrance to heaven, it will be a strange place to him; and though he have studied all that is written in men's books of divinity, yet because he hath left the book of nature unturned, he will have much to learn and much to forget. Do you think that to be blind to the beauties of earth prepareth the heart to behold the glories of heaven? Nay, scholar, I know that you are not of that opinion. But I can tell you another thing which perhaps you know not. The heart that is blest with the glories of heaven ceaseth not to remember and to love the beauties of this world. And of this love I am certain, because I feel it, and glad because it is a great blessing."

L. M. B. '04.

### The Household Blessing.

"Do you see those men standing at our gate? I do wonder what they are doing?" said Kate Eaton.

"I do not know," answered her mother, sad faced little woman, "I do hope they will not attract attention, there are no end of worries since your father lost his fortune."

Bright faced ten-year old Frank had followed his mother to the window unobserved.

"I can tell you about those men, just wait two minutes then they will leave."

"What do you mean," asked Kate much surprised, "how do you know those men will leave in two minutes?" "Well, she said, looking at her watch, time is up."

"And the men are leaving too," said Frank, but before he had time to explain, the parlor door opened and a tall beautiful girl entered the room.

"Marie did you see those men at your gate?"

"No," was the answer, "what were they doing?"

"They were listening to Marie sing, they have stopped several times, and I heard one say 'surely a prima donna lives here,' and the other said, 'I wonder if she is as beautiful as her voice.'"

"O I could help so much and give you all the luxuries you used to have if only my voice had the proper training," said Marie. "I do wish something would happen so I could take lessons of that new professor, every one is wild about him."

"What is his name and where does he stay?" asked Frank. "His name is Brazington, and he is stopping at the Tremont House."

Without another word he left the room and soon disappeared down the street.

"Now," he soliquized, "I will go to this big professor and ask him if he will train Marie's voice if I assure enough scholars to amount to what he would charge, and if he says yes, and I most know he will, I will tell him how people stand at our gate to listen to her sing and I will invite him to stand at our gate and hear her."

He soon reached the hotel and was ushered up to the rooms of the professor. When he entered the musician rose and said, "Well little man what can I do for you?"

"Are you the big professor that every one is wild over?" asked Frank. "I guess I am who you want to see," said the professor smiling.

"Well Mr. Professor, I come to make a bargain with you. You see it is like this," said Frank looking very serious, "my sister Marie has a beautiful voice and we want to get it trained so she can be a prima donna, but we haven't any money since our bank busted, so I thought I would find out if you would fix up her voice if I would bring as many scholars to you as would more than pay for it."

The musician placed his hand on Frank's head and



said, "You are a very thoughtful little man; give me the number of your house and I will call in a few days."

Frank bid the professor good afternoon and hastened away on his mission.

"I'll go to the finest house on the best street and tell the people just what I told that professor," said he as he wended his way to the aristocratic part of town. On a well paved and shaded street, selecting one of the most handsome houses he ran up the steps and was soon ushered into the reception room. He had been seated but a short time when a sweet faced lady entered the room. Frank felt his courage rise as soon as she entered, and quickly he said, "Madam, I am Frank Eaton, and came to see you on important business."

The lady smiled and said, "I am Mrs. Ward and now tell me what is this important business?"

The boys face brightened and in an earnest manner he told about his sister's ambition to be a great singer, and of his bargain with the musician.

"Does your mother know of this important business?" asked Mrs. Ward.

"No, nobody but professor, you and I. It is to be a surprise."

"But she may object."

"I thought of that," was the answer, "but this is not begging for I work to get the scholars."

"Well," said Mrs. Ward, "I know several young ladies who intend to take music, so leave the rest with me and do not go to any other house. I will see the professor about it."

Next afternoon Marie's singing drew the attention of several passers by. She had never sung so sweetly. "O if the professor would only come," thought Frank. Mrs. Eaton who was sitting at the window looked up and said,

"who is that distinguished looking man coming in?"

"O it is that Professor Brazington" cried Frank running to the door. To the surprise of the others, he led the stranger to the parlor and introduced him to Marie and soon they were all talking pleasantly together.

Mrs. Ward could see no charity in the proposition which Professor Brazington made.

The secret which was kept by Frank, Mrs. Ward and Professor, was never made known to the rest of the Ward family but Frank knew that he was the Household Blessing.

### Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association has been much strengthened by the visit of the state secretary, Miss Constance McCorkle, who was with us from Tuesday evening until Saturday morning.

New interest has been taken in Bible study and many have taken up the morning watch.

The officers for the coming year are as follows: President, Myrtle Gause, vice president, Ruth Wiley, secretary, Lena Spangle, treasurer and chairman of finance committee, Nora Parker, chairman of prayer meeting committee, Mary Minthorn, chairman of Bible study, Maybelle Newby, chairman of missionary committee, Ruth Wiley, chairman of membership committee, Lillian Nicholson, chairman of social committee, Verda Crozer, and chairman of intercollegiate committee, Sarah Knight.

With the inspiration gained from the revival meetings and Miss McCorkle's visit we are ready to take up the work for the coming year with much spirit.

A source of much help is the number of ladies who have joined as affiliated members.



# THE CRESCENT.

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LEWIS SAUNDERS, '06, Editor-in-chief.  
WALTER R. MILES, '06, Associate Editor.  
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MARIE HANSON, '06  
RAY FEMBERTON, '06, Exchange.  
RALPH REEN, '07, Crescent } Literary Societies  
EARL KENWORTHY, '09, Junta. }  
DOLLON KENWORTHY, '09, Y. M. C. A. } Associations  
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With this issue the new staff takes up the great burden of responsibility which must attach to the publication of a college paper. We extend greetings to the faculty, students, alumni and friends of Pacific College, and ask for your hearty co-operation and support. Although we are inexperienced and may make some mistakes we shall do our best to not only keep Crescent up to the high plane on which our predecessors have left it, but to improve and make it better. A college paper should be a glass in which the entire life of the college is reflected in all its variations. Students, we want your help. Without it we can do nothing. There are poets in school. When the call went out for a college song, a great number of productions were handed in, and yet it is only by the merest chance that a verse ever finds its way into the columns of Crescent. When the demand is made in the English class, or a name is put on the literary program there is scarcely a person but what can write an original story, yet it is only by watching these sources that the editor is ever able to obtain one for the paper. Jokes occur in the class room and you tell them

## THE CRESCENT.

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to your friends but never think of the local editors. Remember this is your paper and represents you and your work. Other students are watching its pages and are forming opinions from them as to what kind of people we are here at Pacific College. Seniors, if the editors are able to get productions written only by the preparatory department, these other students will think we are all preps. Now what can you do about it? Let each and every one determine to do his part toward making the Crescent a true representation of the students and work of Pacific College and then watch for the result.

The meetings conducted by evangelist C. F. Weigele, continuing in Newberg for some two weeks during the first part of April, have produced a great change in the student life of the college. Very many of our number came to know the Lord in a nearer and more blessed relationship than ever before experienced. The effect can be easily seen by the much greater interest that is now taken in the meetings of the Christian Association. This is not simply a little excitement which is to last but a week or so, we have the genuine article, something which has come to stay. Mr. Weigele took great interest in the students and we will remember him with tender regard, and pray that God may bless him.

A. E.

## Crescent Society.

Much has conspired to detract from literary work this term, but the way is now clear and we can look forward to a bright and successful future.

At the meeting on Friday, April 7, the officers for the present term were elected. The election was as follows: Paul Maris, president; Shurl Person, vice-president; Lillian



Nicholson, secretary; Lenora Parker, critic; and Orville Johnson, marshal. The new officers are all popular among their fellow-students and are capable of filling their various offices to the best advantage. At the last meeting they were installed and made appropriate inaugural speeches.

The Crescent Society has not been what it should be in the past, but the prospects are bright for good work the remaining part of the term. We have enough numbers on our programs, but we need work, that is of real literary merit. The program committees should use care to see that each number assigned is of true literary value.

Extemporaneous speaking is very helpful and should be encouraged more in the future than it has been in the past.

If we wish a strong and flourishing society, we must put forth our best efforts, and do to the best of our ability the parts assigned.

### Junta Literary Society.

The Junta is as fresh as spring and as interesting as the jungles of Africa; only those who attend regularly can conceive the great work the Junta is doing. About sixty craniums ranging from 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ s to 7s in size constitute the base of this great work. Every member is working hard to make each program superior to the one preceeding. One of the numbers on the program of April 18th was that of Miss Alice Hay's, a very interesting chapel talk which may prove helpful if we can grasp the full meaning. Music is an interesting feature in almost every program.

The election of officers occurred on April 4th. They are as follows: A. Earl Kenworthy, president; Katherine Romig, vice-president; Lelia Littlefield, secretary; Anna Craven, treasurer, Fred Huchens, marshal; Prof. Blair, advisory member; Harry Maxfield, critic.

### Y. M. C. A.

The effects of a live and wide awake Christian Association are now being felt by the young men of Pacific College. During the recent series of meetings held here by Rev. Weigle almost all of the young men of this institution were brought to Christ and are now endeavoring to bring others into the experience they are enjoying. Each fellow seems to realize the value of attending the weekly prayer meeting. Last Wednesday evening the room was almost full and everyone did his best to make the meeting what it should be. Many gave testimonies who had not done so before. The meeting was interesting throughout and the usual time was too short. Every fellow whether a Christian or not should attend these meetings. He will be strengthened and better prepared for the duties that confront him. Although he may not realize it now, these meetings and their influence will be beneficial to him in after years.

### Local and Personal.

Re-enter; spikes, discus, hurdles, etc. Let every fellow be on the track!

Seldon Murray of Portland, has returned to school for the Spring term.

Girls, why don't you come out and yell for the boys? It would help some.

Elsie Mackey is absent from school this term on account of sickness.

During vacation, some of the hall boys scraped off the tennis court, and now it is a scene of activity each evening.

Sherman Seeley returned to college Monday the 17th after an absence of two weeks, caused by the sickness of his



mother.

We are glad to see that Geo. Cross is again able to care for his right arm without the aid of a sling.

Wilfred has an affectionate method of closing his watch—someone always blushes at the sight.

The Junior boys find they can't quite monopolize Deutsch. Two girls are braving it this term.

Worth Coulson '05, was visited by his father and mother of Scotts Mills, during the revival meetings.

Mary Minthorn and Myrtle Gause spent vacation Sunday in Portland and attended the Chapman meetings.

Here's to the Sophomore lads who were brave enough to pull down "Mac's" colors at the prohibition contest.

Sarah Knight has returned to school after an absence of a couple of weeks, caused by the sickness of her sister.

A far-seeing Sophomore co-ed guessed the height of the college building to be 200 feet. We would advise her to consult a first-class oculist without delay.

Someway these perfect days aren't especially conducive to perfect study, for minds go wool gathering and wandering off to shady nooks and moonlight strolls—und-so-weiter.

The track team is training hard these days under the direction of Coach Heater. Our first meet will occur here May 6, with Pacific University. While we do not expect to win, we have hopes of making the Forest Grove boys work for the points they get.

Lessons have been rather at a stand still of late—especially in the afternoons, when students were excused to attend the meetings. Small classes have been the rule, and those who stayed on the pretense of study have sighed and wished they had joined the crowd. For once the cry "good hard study" has been silent.

Better be saving your stray pennies for the May Queen votes. Pit's open!

Ray and Wilfred Pemberton and Roy Bates spent vacation at home in Rosedale.

Verda Crozer and Mabelle Newby rusticated a few days during vacation and enjoyed home scenes.

Glenn Patterson and Harry Walthers took a run up to The Dalles during the Spring vacation.

Martha Ritter has returned from a somewhat prolonged vacation spent at her home in Portland.

Anna Rogers recently enjoyed rural beauties over Sunday at the home of Eva Fletcher at La Fayettee.

R. B., coming across the bridge in the wee small hours was heard to express himself feelingly: "I want my ma."

Ruth and Katherine Romig spent Sunday April 2, in Portland, visiting friends and hearing the evangelists.

Glenn Patterson was recently visited by his parents from The Dalles. New oxfords or whatever the result was—Glenn still wears that sunny smile.

Prof. Partington observes that some students go to class to laugh—some to play, some to sleep; while others go incidentally to study. How very remarkable!

Voting for the May Queen is now on, and attracting much interest. Everybody vote for the "winsomest maid of all" and thus help the cause of athletics. One cent per vote.

Miss McCorkle, state Y. W. C. A. secretary, visited the local association last week. She led a meeting of the girls last Thursday evening and gave two very helpful chapel talks.

Rev. C. F. Weigle, who recently completed a series of revival meetings in the Friends church and left for the east,

visited chapel a few days before he left and held a very successful meeting among the students.

On Monday afternoon school was dismissed at 8:30 and a crowd of the boys went over to Mr. Spaulding's and carried over the big flag pole which Mr. Spaulding has so kindly given to the college. The raising of the pole will be one of the features of May day.

Marie Hanson '06 visited at her home in Portland over Sunday the 16th.

About twenty-five students attended the Prohibition Oratorical Contest in McMinnville Friday night. They made known their presence by numerous college yells and songs.

Our new professor has found a novel way of examining protoplasm. He says he uses the telescope.

### Exchanges.

See the April number of The Clarion, for a neat and attractive cover. We like the looks of the extra fold as well as the convenience of it.

There are still several exchanges on our table which give us a little trouble when we try to locate them.

I find some very appropriate department headings in the April number of the M. H. Aerolith.

He who in his watch lid wears  
His sweetheart's pretty face,  
Is sure to have a time, for there's  
A woman in the case.

Some one has asked if this will apply to members of the faculty.—Ex.

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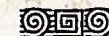
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